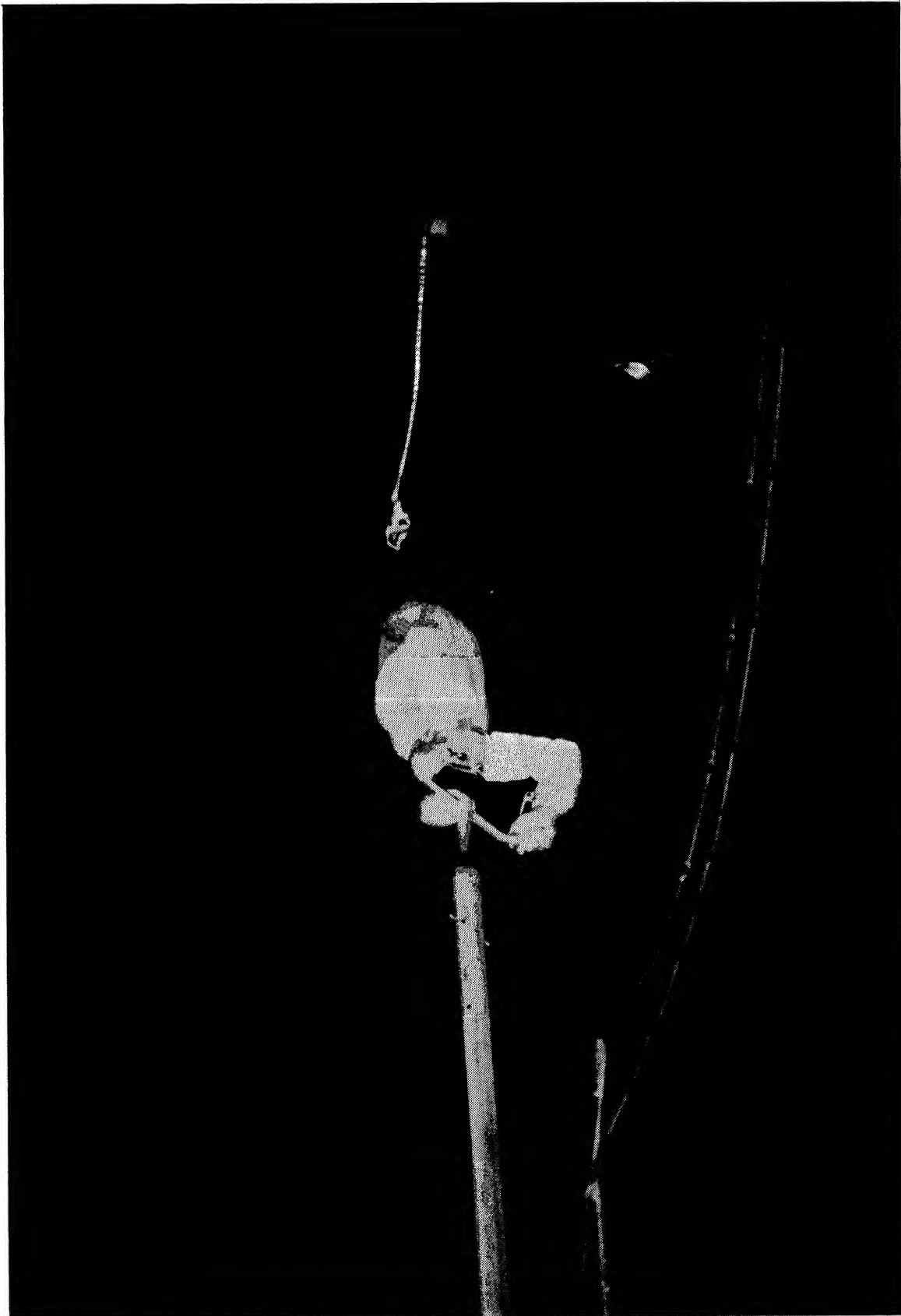


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May 29, 1971

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on his head.

Photo by Anne Dockery
Credit LNS Women's Graphics
Collective

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jessica siegel

Comrades

pam harding, david burtt, steffi brooks,
sandy shea

Correspondents

sheila ryan and george cavalletto (beirut)
jan von flatern (new haven)
david moberg (chicago)
schofield coryell (paris)

IMPORTANT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

IMPORTANT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The story in Packet #344, p.4, "Blacks
Open Fire on N.Y. Police; Six Cops Hit in Three
Days" was missing a key paragraph. Please
don't think we've gone loony.

This packet, p.6 has the complete, accurate
story.

LIBERATION News Service
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IF YOU'RE MISSING A PAGE, OR GET A PAGE WITH A BADLY-PRINTED GRAPHIC, WRITE AND WE'LL SEND OTHERS

"OH, LOOK AT THE SUN"-- BOBBY AND ERICKA FREE

NEW HAVEN (LNS)--There was a party here last night. A party atmosphere throughout the town, people smiling at each other. And one special party at the home of legal secretary Pat Galluot who has worked on Bobby and Ericka's case since the beginning. The people who have supported Bobby and Ericka during the long months-- Panthers and non-Panthers- lawyers, friendly reporters, jurors and Ericka ate, drank, talked, laughed, danced, hugged children and each other.

Ericka didn't have much to say when she first came out of the courthouse, feeling the sun on her skin, surrounded by laughing, crying, jostling crowds of people. "Oh, look at the sun", she exclaimed softly as she sat down on a park bench --then hid her face, not understanding why all the reporters and photographers had to crowd around so, had to keep throwing rhetorical questions at her.

"How does it feel to be free?" "Man, how do you THINK it feels?" she asked back, shaking her head. "What are you going to do now?" "Live." As soon as she could, she slipped off to see her 2-year old baby, Mai.

At the party there was a more relaxed atmosphere. Ericka talked about Mai, who was home asleep, as she held and hugged others of the young children in the house. "She came running toward me with this look, like: 'Well, finally!' She took me around, showing me all the things in her room. It seemed like she really knew what was going on."

Commenting to a sister who had just walked in, she laughed: "We can talk! No more passing notes."

The jubilant jurors --now free from the court-imposed restraints on speaking -- chatted with each other and the people about the harrowing days of deliberations. Many of their comments were aimed at the white woman who prevented them from acquitting Bobby and at the white man who joined in arguing to convict Ericka. "For the first time I really saw what racism was" said a black woman juror. "She was so smug, so arrogant."

But most of their thoughts were happier. "At what point did you feel convinced for acquittal?" she was asked. The woman replied: "When the prosecution presented their witnesses. They bring people up from jail --you know a man is gonna say anything to get outa there. They didn't have anybody else." She said she had come into the trial with no real idea one way or another.

A young white woman juror was convinced of their innocence from the start. But she said the key point was when State's Attorney Marle said he was finished presenting the prosecution case. "When he said, 'the state rests its case' I couldn't believe it. I said, 'He must be kidding'. When we got back to the jury room, I said to Bob [the jury foreman] 'Well, now we can go home.' They didn't have a case."

The black woman added: "George Sams was mentally unbalanced. You couldn't believe him."

Later another black woman juror from Waterbury came in, happy, excited and hugging everyone. "What did you think when Markle said 'the state rests its

case'?" we asked her. "I was mad" she replied. "I thought: is THIS what you brought us here for? You got no case! Why did you bring us here?"

She and the young white woman had obviously established strong rapport during the trial. D.A. Markle had pointed the young white woman out as a "bell ringer" in the jury, accusing her of waving at demonstrators and giving a clenched fist sign once out on the Green.

"It had to be you, he said a white woman with a pony tail... and you were always accusing me of doing that stuff!" laughed the black woman. "I thought I was more discreet than you," the white woman juror laughed back.

And yet there was a feeling of incompleteness about the party. Bobby, waiting through one more legal hassle, wasn't there. Yet.

-30-

BOYCOTT POLAROID!

The Polaroid Revolutionary Worker's Movement (PRWM) has called for an international boycott of all Polaroid products (film, cameras, sunglasses, ID systems, etc.) until all of the company's sales to South Africa have been terminated.

The facts of life for Black South Africans are well-known. The key to "population control" (ie., oppression) is the infamous "pass-book" which must be carried by all Africans over 16 years old, night and day. It is the record of one's life, and must be "in order" to avoid arrest. Every day more than 1500 Blacks are arrested for pass violations alone.

About 20% of all pass pictures are taken with Polaroid equipment. Polaroid sells their "I.D.-2" system to big South African mines, industries, and the military. Film, cameras, and "cool-ray" sunglasses find an outlet among rich white residents and tourists for use on the "whites only" beaches.

For more information and a new pamphlet on the boycott against Polaroid, contact PRWM, c/o Caroline Hunter, 46 Longwood Ave., Brookline, Mass. 02146. (LNS)

-30-

HUNDREDS OF BUFFALO STUDENTS REFUSE TO PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE

BUFFALO, N.Y. (LNS)--The American Legion recently presented the Buffalo Board of Education with an American flag. But according to a school board member after-the-ceremony remarks it's clear that many Buffalo students won't be thrilled with the gift. Dr. Matt A. Gajewski told reporters that hundreds of Buffalo high school students refuse to pledge allegiance to the U.S. flag and that many recite their allegiance to the black liberation flag. He said that at one high school, which he refused to name, as many as 600 students refuse to stand up for the pledge of allegiance each day.

(LNS)

-30-

PAY YOUR JUNE BILL--IT'LL BE IN THE MAIL VERY SOON!

CANADIAN AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS WELCOMED HOME TO CHINA: "I WOULD ALMOST THINK IT WAS A FOREIGN COUNTRY"

by Audrey Topping

(Editor's note: Audrey Topping is a Canadian woman who just returned from a trip to the People's Republic of China with her father and sister. Audrey's father, Chester Ronning, the son of Lutheran missionaries who settled in China during the late 1800's, was born in Fancheng in 1894 and lived in China until 1951. He was trained as a teacher, but spent most of his adult years as a charge d'affaires at the Canadian Embassy in Chungking and Nanking.

The following is an edited version of Audrey Topping's description of her father's birthplace and how it looked to him on his return trip.

They were the first foreign visitors to go so deep into the Chinese interior in more than 20 years. Topping's story originally appeared in the May 26, 1971 edition of the New York Times.)

FANCHENG, China(LNS)--He was amazed by the changes.

"In those days," he said, "the villages were clusters of mud huts surrounded by high mud walls. Every village had a watchtower and guards on constant surveillance against bands of robbers and soldiers who would loot and rob the villages."

Now the watchtowers are gone and most of the houses are of brick.

We had expected to rough it in the interior of China, so we were amazed to arrive at a very good guest house. It had been built in 1966 and the interior was freshly whitewashed. It is also used for meetings of the revolutionary committee.

The rooms were comfortably furnished with bamboo furniture and double beds with embroidered satin quilts and pillow cases.

After breakfast, we went sightseeing-- first a walk on the city wall.

With a thousand eyes watching us we climbed to the drum-and-bell-tower on top of an old pavilion where scholars used to study.

When father saw the old Lutheran Mission Compound on the Han River, he recalled how the people in Fancheng and Hsiangyang lived in terror of the fierce River. During flood periods both cities were often submerged. In 1938 more than 3,000 people were drowned in a flood. Even as late as 1960 and 1964, the area suffered from flooding.

In 1964, however, the people turned out to widen and strengthen the dikes. Now with 26 miles of sturdy embankments along both sides, the river is contained. The water can rise five or six feet above the former danger level without flooding.

In the afternoon, we paid a visit to a rural commune, and in the evening we were invited to a banquet given by the chairman of the revolutionary committee.

Ho Fung-wu, a vice chairman of the revolutionary committee, explained that the population, which was 40,000 "before the liberation," had risen to 189,000.

This is mostly a result of new industry.

"Before the liberation," he said, "there was no modern industry in this area. We had a machine repair shop with 21 workers, four handicraft shops, a cigaret rolling shop and over 100 blacksmiths. Now we have transformed a consumer city into a productive one."

He said that 106 of the 200 large and small factories now here had been built during the campaign of the late nineteen-fifties for rapid industrialization that was known as the Great Leap Forward.

In a discussion of education and culture, it was pointed out that my grandfather founded the first modern school here in 1893 and when Father returned as a lecturer in 1922 there were only three middle- or junior high- schools with a total of 1,500 students. Now there are 38 schools with 13,000 students.

"Mr Ronning knows better than I do what it was like here 44 years ago," Mr. Ho said. "He can also see our shortcomings. He knows, for instance, that we must raise our standard of mechanization of agriculture and raise our potential to fight against natural catastrophes. Last year our cotton yield dropped and there are still many unpaved roads and highways."

"The work on our buildings is not fast enough. We have a long way to go."

Father replied: "When I was a child here, many of the people did not even have a roof over their heads. Only the merchants, officials and landlords had adequate housing."

"Today, on our trip, I saw many new houses. They are not so big or elaborate, but they are adequate and clean."

"The changes in Hupeh Province," he remarked, "are beyond my expectations. If there were no Chinese on the landscape, I would almost think it was a foreign country."

-30-

[SEE GRAFIX IN PACKET #344]
ONE BLACK MAN KILLED; HUNDREDS ARRESTED
IN CHATTANOOGA DISORDERS

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn. (LNS)--A black man was killed by police on May 25, the fourth night of fighting between police and black people. Over 300 people, mostly blacks, have been arrested so far. A total curfew, regarded by many as the most stringent measure ever imposed on the city, is strictly enforced.

The victim was Leon Anderson, 23-years old. Chattanooga's Police Commissioner said he was killed when he threw a brick at a police car as a tactical squad of 12 state, city and county cops answered a call at a housing project.

The Commissioner said one of the officers had seen Anderson and shouted, "He's got something!" and police fired as Anderson threw the brick.

Trouble began when soul singer Wilson Pickett did not appear in a scheduled concert Friday, May 21. Hundreds of young blacks, unable to get ticket refunds, began ripping up seats in the Municipal Auditorium. -30-

"HONEY, WHAT ARE YOU CRYING ABOUT? YOU'VE MADE IT BACK": MEDAL OF HONOR WINNER KILLED IN GROCERY STORE SHOOT-OUT

DETROIT, Mich. (LNS)--Dwight Johnson died one week before his 24th birthday. He was shot and killed in Detroit as he tried to rob a grocery store a mile from his home. The store manager later told the police that a tall black man had walked in shortly before midnight, drawn a revolver out of his top-coat and demanded money from the cash register.

The manager pulled his own pistol from under the counter and the two men struggled. Seven shots were fired. Four and one-half hours later, Dwight (Skip) Johnson died from five gunshot wounds.

When detectives went through the dead man's wallet for identification, they found a small white card with its edges rubbed thin from wear. "Congressional Medal of Honor Society--United States of America", it said. "This certifies that Dwight H. Johnson is a member of this society."

Johnson had been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for "uncommon valor" in combat in Dakto, Vietnam.

Stan Enders was the gunner in Skip's tank that morning in Vietnam three years ago, during the fighting at Dakto. Their platoon of four M-48 tanks was racing down a road toward Dakto, in the Central Highlands near the Cambodian border and the Ho Chi Minh Trail, when it was ambushed. Communist rockets knocked out two of the tanks immediately, and waves of foot soldiers sprang out of the nearby woods to attack the two tanks still in commission.

Skip hoisted himself out of the turret hatch and manned the mounted .50-caliber machine gun. He had been assigned to this tank only the night before. His old tank, and the crew he had spent 11 months and 22 days with in Vietnam and had never seen action before, was 60 feet away, burning.

"He was really close to those guys in that tank," Stan said. "He just couldn't sit still and watch it burn with them inside."

Skip ran through heavy crossfire to the tank and opened its hatch. He pulled out the first man he came across in the turret, burned but still alive, and got him to the ground just as the tank's artillery shells exploded, killing everyone left inside.

"When the tank blew up Dwight saw the bodies all burned and black, well, he just sort of cracked up," said Stan.

For 30 minutes, armed first with a .45 caliber pistol and then with a submachine gun, Skip hunted the Vietnamese on the ground, killing from five to 20 soldiers, nobody knows for sure. When he ran out of ammunition, he killed one with the stock of the machine gun.

At one point he came face to face with a NLF soldier who squeezed the trigger on his weapon aimed point-blank at him. The gun misfired and Skip killed him. When it was all over, Stan said, "It took three men and three shots of morphine to hold Dwight down. He was raving. He tried to kill the prisoners he had rounded up. They took him away to a hospital in Pleiku in a straightjacket."

Stan saw Skip the next day. He had been released from the hospital. His Vietnam tour was

was over and he was going home.

Sergeant Johnson returned home in early 1968, outwardly only little changed from the quiet boy named Skip who had grown up in Detroit and been drafted. Even when he and other black veterans came home and could not find a job, he seemed to take it in stride.

If anyone asked him about Vietnam, he would just shake his head, or laugh and say, "Aw man, nothing happened," and he would change the subject. Carmen Berry, a close friend of Katrina May, the girl Skip started dating after his discharge, thought she detected nuances of change she attributed to the same mental letdown she had seen a lot in other Vietnam veterans.

"They get quiet," she said. "It's like they don't have too much to say about what it was like over there. Maybe it's because they've killed people and they don't really know why they killed them."

"The only thing that bugged me about Skip then" reflected his cousin Tommy, "and the one thing I thought was kind of strange and unlike him, was the pictures he brought back. He had a stack of pictures of dead people, you know, dead Vietnamese. Color slides."

In the fall he started looking for a job along with another cousin Tommy Tillman.

"Skip was funny; he wouldn't try for any of the hard jobs. If he did go in some place, he'd just sit and mumble a few words when they'd ask him questions. It was like he felt inferior. He'd give a terrible impression. But once we got back in the car, it was the same old Skip, laughing and joking."

One day in October, a colonel called from the Department of Defense in Washington. Sergeant Johnson was being awarded the Medal of Honor. Could he and his family be in Washington on Nov. 19, 1968 so President Johnson could personally present the award?

Five men received the Medal of Honor that morning. Later in the receiving line, when his mother reached Skip, she saw tears streaming down his face.

"Honey," she whispered, "what are you crying about? You've made it back."

After he officially became a hero, it seemed that everyone in Detroit wanted to hire Dwight Johnson, the only living Medal of Honor winner in Michigan. Companies that had not been interested in a diffident ex-GI named Johanson suddenly found openings for Medal of Honor Winner Johnson.

Among those who wanted him was the United States Army.

"The brass wanted him in the Detroit recruiting office because--let's face it--here was a black Medal of Honor winner, and blacks are our biggest manpower pool in Detroit," said an Army employee who had worked with Skip after he rejoined the service a month after winning the medal. "Personally, I think a lot of promises were made to the guy that couldn't be kept. You got to remember that getting this guy back into the Army was a feather in the cap of a lot of people."

Events began moving quickly then for Skip. He married Katrina in January, 1969 (the Pontchartrain Hotel gave the couple its bridal suite for their wedding night), and the newlyweds went to Washington in January as guests at the Nixon inaugural. Sergeant Johnson began a long series of personal appearances across Michigan in a public relations campaign mapped by the Army.

"Dwight was a hot property back in those days," recalled Charles Bielak, a civilian information officer for the Army's recruiting operations in Detroit. "I was getting calls for him all over the state. Of course, all this clamor didn't last. It reached a saturation point somewhere along the way and tapered off."

But while it lasted, Skip's life was frenetic. Lions Clubs... Rotary... American Legion. Detroit had a new hero. Tiger Stadium and meet the players. Sit at the dais with the white politicians. Be hailed by black businessmen who would not have bothered to shake his hand before. Learn which fork to use for the salad. Say something intelligent to the reporters. Pick up the check for dinner for friends. Live like a man who had it made.

Bills started piling up. "They were in over their heads as soon as they were married," Mr May, Skip's father-in-law said. It was about this time that Skip began to have stomach pains.

He began to stay away from his job as a recruiter, missed appointments and speaking engagements. "It got so I had to pick him up myself and deliver him to a public appearance," said Mr. Bielak.

Last summer it was decided that Sergeant Johnson should report to Selfridge Air Force Base, not far from Detroit, for diagnosis of the stomach complaints. From Selfridge he was sent in September, 1970 to Valley Forge Army Hospital in Pennsylvania. An Army psychiatrist's preliminary analysis--depression cause by post-Vietnam adjustment problems.

On his return to the hospital (after 30 days convalescent leave and 60 days AWOL) he began analysis with the chief attending psychiatrist.

"Well, practically the first night he's here they dress him up and take him over to the Freedoms Foundation in Valley Forge to shake hands," said Spec. 6 Herman Avery who was master of the ward Dwight was first assigned to at the hospital. "When he got back he told me that if they ever did that again he would go AWOL."

There was further psychiatric evaluation.

Subject expressed doubts over his decision to re-enter the Army as a recruiter. He felt the Army didn't honor its commitment to him. The public affairs were satisfactory to him at first but he started to feel inadequate. People he would meet would pump his hand and slap his back and say, "Johnson, if you ever think about getting out of the Army, come look me up." On several occasions he contacted these individuals and they didn't remember him. It always took several minutes to remind them who he was.

Back in Detroit on leave on one occasion,

his mother asked him to drive her to a doctor's appointment. In the office, an off-duty black Detroit policeman, Ronald Turner, recognized the Medal of Honor winner. He reported that Skip complained that he had been exploited by the Army. He told him that ever since he won the medal he had been set on a hero's path as an inspiration to black kids.

Others recalled how upset he had become when his recruiting talks at some black high schools in Detroit had been picketed by militants who called him an "electronic nigger," a robot the Army was using to recruit blacks for a war in Asia.

And there were other anxieties.

Since coming home from Vietnam the subject has had bad dreams. He didn't confide in his mother or wife, but entertained a lot of moral judgement as to what had happened at Dakto. Why had he been ordered to switch tanks the night before? Why was he spared and not the others? He experienced guilt about his survival. He wondered if he was sane. It made him sad and depressed.

Skip signed out of the hospital on March 28 on a three day pass to Philadelphia. The next day the newspapers and television were filled with reports of the conviction of First Lieut. William L. Calley Jr. on charges of murdering Vietnamese civilians. Skip turned up in Detroit a few days later and never returned to the Army hospital.

He settled in at home once again and dodged the telephone calls from the Army.

"How can you take punitive action against a Medal of Honor holder?" asked a major at the hospital who tried to convince him to return.

The Army did contact the Ford Motor Co., however, which had been letting Skip use a Thunderbird for the past two years. Ford picked up the car on the theory that without it he might be inconvenienced enough to return to the hospital. Instead, he cashed a cashier's check for \$1,500 (back pay from the Army), and bought a 1967 Mercury for \$850. He changed his unlisted phone number to avoid the Army callers and a growing number of bill collectors.

The car had to go into a garage for brake repairs on Wednesday, April 28, and Skip was told it would cost \$78.50 to get it out. The same day Katrina entered a hospital for removal of an infected cyst, and he told the admitting office clerk he would pay the \$25 deposit the next day.

On April 30, Skip visited Katrina at the hospital. She said they were asking about the hospital deposit. He left at 5:30, promising to return later that evening with her hair curlers and bathrobe.

When Eddie Wright, a friend, got home from work that night about 9:00 he got a call from Skip. He said he needed a ride to pick up some money someone owed him and wanted to know if Eddie could get his stepfather to drive him. He said he would pay \$15 for the ride.

Around 11 o'clock, Eddie, his mother, and his stepfather picked Skip up at his home. At his direction they drove west for about a mile to the

corner of Orangelawn and Prest.

"Stop here," Skip told him, getting out of the car. "This guy lives down the street and I don't want him to see me coming."

The family waited in the car for 30 minutes. They became nervous, parked in a white neighborhood, and as Eddie explained later to the police, it may have looked odd for a car filled with blacks to be parked on a dark street. "So we pulled the car out under a streetlight so everybody could see us," he said.

At about 11:45 a police car pulled up sharply and two officers with drawn pistols got out. "What are you doing here?" they asked.

"We're waiting for a friend."

"What's his name?"

"Dwight Johnson."

"Dwight Johnson's on the floor of a grocery store around the corner," the officers said. "He's been shot."

"I first hit him with two bullets," the manager, Charles Landeghem, said later. "But he just stood there, with the gun in his hand, and said 'I'm going to kill you...'"

Skip's psychiatrist recalled one of the interviews with him.

The subject remembered coming face to face with a Vietnamese with a gun. He can remember the soldier squeezing the trigger. The gun jammed. The subject has since engaged in some magical thinking about this episode. He also suffers guilt over surviving it, and later winning a high honor for the one time in his life when he lost complete control of himself. He asked: "What would happen if I lost control of myself in Detroit and behaved like I did in Vietnam?" The prospect of such an event apparently was deeply disturbing to him.

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(This story was excerpted from an article by Jon Nordheimer which recently appeared in the New York Times)

21 S. VIET STUDENTS CHARGED WITH TREASON; D.C. EAST UNDERWAY

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS)--Twenty-one South Vietnamese students are on trial for treason in Saigon. The students, all members of the National Union of Students in South Vietnam, helped draft the People's Peace Treaty with North American visitors during the winter. The students, including Huynh Tan Mam, the president of the union, were picked up on May 24. If found guilty the 21 will be killed within 24 hours after the verdict.

Immediately after news of the arrests leaked out, a small group of men and women began a hunger fast on the steps of the U.S. State Dept.

In a telegram sent to the South Vietnamese students, the Washington protestors pledged them-

selves to a hunger strike that will "end only when Huynh Tan Mam, all 21 brothers and sisters are freed."

The demonstrators are calling on supporters to come and join the fast at the State Department or to take "appropriate nationwide action in the spirit of the People's Peace Treaty to free our South Vietnamese brothers and sisters."

--30--

TWO BLACK CALIFORNIA ACTIVISTS BUSTED

REDWOOD CITY, Cal. (LNS)--Chris Laury, a teacher at a people's school--Venceremos College--and a member of Redwood's Black Liberation Front (BLF) will soon go on trial for assault and battery on a white woman. Immediately afterwards he will go on trial again, this time for allegedly carrying a concealed loaded weapon, some marijuana, and an open bottle of wine in his car.

Laury and Leo Bazzile, a former chairman of the Black Student Union at Stanford University, were picked up on May 7 for assaulting Mary Jane Schmidt, a senior clerk at Stanford's hospital. Laury and Bazzile, both well-known to local police, participated in an April demonstration against the hospital in which 31 persons were arrested. The demonstration focussed around the firing of Samuel Bridges, a black hospital worker.

Mary Jane Schmidt claims she was attacked in her East Palo Alto home by two black men. She says they knocked her down, kicked her, broke her ribs, and burned her face with a cigarette lighter, because she refused to support a work stoppage at the hospital. She described her assailants as 6'2" and heavily built, and 5'6" and 140 pounds. Chris and Leo do not fit these descriptions.

Four days after Bazzile and Laury were picked up six carloads of police made a daylight raid on the BLF headquarters. They said they were looking for the butane lighter that was used to burn Schmidt. They never found the lighter but did walk off with the BLF's guns. To pull off the raid the police carried shotguns and surrounded the building with dogs. However, they didn't intimidate the neighbors. About 200 people gathered near the house and stoned the cops until they made a quick retreat.

A week after the raid, Laury (now free on \$6000 bail) was arrested along with Samuel Bridges for illegal possession of a gun, some dope and a bottle of wine. They were on a state highway when police--who recognized their car--told them to pull over. There was a .45 automatic on the back seat, but it was unloaded and visible. The men were not breaking California laws.

[Please send contributions to BLF Defense Committee, 2755 El Camino Real, Redwood City, Cal.]

-30-

"The soldier going to South Vietnam today runs a far greater risk of becoming a heroin addict than a combat casualty."

Representative Robert Steele speaking in Congress on May 27, 1971.

NO MORE RENT CONTROL IN N.Y.C.

ALBANY, N.Y. (LNS)--In a major victory for New York landlords, the state legislature has passed a bill that will eliminate rent control in New York City.

The new law allows landlords to raise the rent of any apartment that is vacated by its present tenants. This means that anyone still looking for housing in the city, or anyone who comes to New York and needs an apartment, will face rents far higher than the already extravagant sums that New York housing is famous for.

Beyond that, there is little doubt that landlords will soon begin a campaign to harass present tenants--to "convince" them to leave their apartments, enabling a substantial rent hike on the next occupants. In the past, particularly when a landlord wanted to vacate an entire building to sell it at a profit, such techniques as turning off the heat and holding up repairs have been used to coerce tenants.

People who live in rent-controlled apartments generally pay only about 8% of their income for housing. The average for non-controlled rent is 25%. New York City tenants may end up paying even a higher percentage.

The rent decontrol law was pushed through the state assembly and senate by the upstate Republican majority. But even if some upstate Republicans had favored rent control and had opposed the bill, they would still have had to vote "yes" to decontrol N.Y.C. -- because the same bill that de-controlled rents in New York City also retained control for two years in the rest of the state.

City democrats, including liberal Republicans of the John Lindsay stripe, attacked the law's two-edged effect as "an appalling ploy."

All that remains for the bill to become final law is for Governor Nelson Rockefeller to sign it. Rockefeller is a strong supporter of rent decontrol, and has pushed the bill all the way.

The supporters of decontrol argue that higher rents will permit landlords to improve the upkeep of their buildings. But only those landlords who own buildings where tenants have moved out -- enabling them to hike the rent-- will have money for improvements. Slumlords whose tenants won't move for fear of high rents will not have money to upgrade their slum properties.

At the same time that the state imposed decontrol, reports circulated that Governor Rockefeller was planning to increase real estate taxes in New York City. What effect this would have on the landlords' bankbooks remained unclear--if decontrol is really aimed at giving them more money for improvements, why a new measure that would take some of that money away? (In any case, it will be the tens of thousands of small homeowners in the city's outlying boroughs who are most affected.)

Presumably the tax is meant to dispel suspicions about how much the landlords are going to make off the whole deal and to provide a bankrupt city with emergency funds. But the two new measures are stark indicators of New York's inability to pay for its basic needs, and to satisfy its

landlords and its politicians at the same time.

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"BLACK LIBERATION ARMY" CLAIMS SHOOTING OF FOUR COPS

NEW YORK (LNS)--Five thousand police from 80 departments including a contingent from Dublin, Ireland, massed in the sun outside of Deer Park, Long Island's Roman Catholic Church, to pay tribute to New York City Patrolman Joseph Piagentini, ambushed in Harlem five days earlier.

Msgr. Joseph A. Dunne, a Catholic police chaplain, told the mourners inside that Piagentini's attackers were wicked malefactors without fear, and promised the men that "God shoots his arrows at them; suddenly they are struck." But if Dunne's flock was comforted any by God's arrows, they certainly haven't reflected it in their heated discussions back at the precinct houses.

There the talk is of shotguns, prohibited by Police Commissioner Patrick Murphy, but strongly recommended by Edward Kiernan, president of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association. Not many cops think of the attackers who hit four of them with gunfire in two days as "wicked malefactors without fear," either. The idea in most cops' minds is that they were armed blacks.

The first major attack took place on the evening of May 19, birthday of Malcolm X, when two white policemen chased after a car going south on a north-bound Manhattan street. As they passed the car, sub-machinegun fire ripped into their squadcar, leaving both of them in critical condition. The two cops were part of a permanent guard at the Riverside Drive home of District Attorney Frank Hogan, mastermind of the Panther 21 conspiracy case.

The next night, a white and a black cop were approached from behind by two black men while they answered a routine call at Harlem's Colonial Park Housing project. The two men ripped off the cops' .38-caliber service revolvers and shot them point-blank.

A day later, two couriers delivered packages containing license plates of the car sought by police in connection with the first attack to the New York Times and radio station WLIB, an FM soul station popular in New York's black community. Enclosed in each package was a letter signed by the "Righteous Brothers of the Black Liberation Army."

The letters promised that more police would "meet the guns of oppressed Third World people...as long as they occupy our community and murder our brothers and sisters in the name of American law and order." WLIB shortly received a second letter, similar in form and content, taking credit for the ambush as well. None of the letters specified reasons for killing the particular police who were shot.

Police patrols of Harlem and surrounding neighborhoods were immediately doubled, according to police, but eyewitness observers report that, at least temporarily, there are very few cops in the black community. Most of the doubling seems to have taken place along fairly secure borders like Morningside Heights which overlooks Harlem from the west and is buffered by a very steep park.

Newspapers have been flooded with expressions of shock and dismay by Mayor John Lindsay and photographs

of city officials commiserating with relatives of the deceased and injured. The sound track of almost all the TV coverage of the attacks and their aftermath features the solemn and subdued voice of a white male newscaster describing somebody else's grief in detail.

Some cops have taken to wearing black bands on their badges to express mourning for the dead. The bands conveniently conceal badge numbers as well.

Besides the two attacks claimed by the "Black Liberation Army," police have also been assaulted in Brooklyn recently, and even a bus dispatcher had lye thrown in his face, apparently because his uniform looked like a cop's. The Police Commissioner claims that "no citizen in New York is safe while these madmen are loose." He adds that the roundup of suspects in cases involving assaults on police would obviously require the use of "lethal force."

"We're going to start doing some shooting too and you better be ready for it," warned P.B.A. President Kiernan. "If they want a war, we'll give them a war." Short of war the next step may be a substantial boost in police funding for both weapons and personnel.

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CHICANO MURDERED BY POLICE: "ALL THEY SAID WAS THEY WERE SORRY"

COACHELLA, Cal. (LNS)--Francisco Garcia worked in the local fields. Together with his wife and 11 children he lived in a one room shack on the Venezuela Ranch. There was no toilet inside the house and part of the room was partitioned off for use as a kitchen. In the main room three double beds and a single bed took up almost all of the space in the 20 x 12 foot shack.

Eighteen-year-old Juanita Garcia watched as police pumped bullets into her father, Francisco Garcia. After the shooting, she said, "The assassins (the police) went up to the truck, and upon examining the body, they realized it was not the person they were after. They came back to where my mother and I were and all they said was they were sorry."

After Garcia was killed a representative of the Riverside Sheriff's office said, "There appears to be no connection between Francisco Garcia and the marijuana smuggling ring," which police were apparently investigating.

The mistake was made by Los Angeles police who had strayed far from home base -- Coachella is 140 miles southwest of LA. All of the police were in plainclothes and none of their names have been made public.

Only one paper of all the Southern California press, La Voz de Frontera, a Spanish newspaper put out in Mexicali, about 100 miles to the south, has carried Juanita Garcia's story of her father's death:

It was almost 8 o'clock when we saw our father nearing our house in the pickup truck. One younger sister and I went to greet him and at that very moment I noticed some shadows in the roadway. I

thought they were dogs because my father has some dogs and so do the neighbors so I didn't attach any importance to it.

My father got out of the truck and inside the house. Minutes later he came back out accompanied by my mother because they were going into town. (They were going into town to arrange for the christening of their new month-old child.)

He and she got into the pickup and the truck had just begun to move when I heard a shot. Then I heard another and another and another. There were many shots fired. The pickup came to a stop and the motor stopped.

In desperation I ran to the truck but one of those individuals (which I thought earlier was the shadow of a dog) held me back. He held me by the collar and violently forced me back to the house.

I wanted to put up some sort of resistance but was unable to. Then I heard my mother scream in terror as she got down from the pickup and was bathed in blood. The assassins went up to the truck and upon examining the body they realized it was not the person they were after.

They came back to where my mother and I were and all they said is that they were sorry. But the next thing that they did was to go into the house and then they began to search everywhere.

The Riverside County Sheriff's office announced there will be a grand jury investigation but the investigation will not necessarily be asked to indict any of those who participated in the killing, said local people.

The probe into this shooting comes at a time when several Los Angeles police are facing trial, after being indicted by a federal grand jury, for having shot to death two Mexican nationals in a downtown Los Angeles rooming house.

Local Chicano activists say the new grand jury hearing is probably nothing more than a whitewash. They feel it will be used to prevent a federal probe of the police killing.

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[The above was taken from a story by Sam Kushner published in the People's World.]

G.M. REFUSES TO GIVE UP PLANTS IN SOUTH AFRICA

CHICAGO (LNS) -- James Roche, chairman of the board of General Motors, told a recent press conference that G.M. will not halt operations in South Africa, as the Episcopal Church, a major stockholder, has asked.

On February 1, Presiding Bishop John E. Hines of the Episcopal Church had asked Mr. Roche in a letter to urge G.M. to end manufacturing in South Africa. The Episcopal Church owns 12,574 of the 285.5 million outstanding shares of G.M. stock. Roche explained that South Africa's racial problems were slowly being solved and G.M. plans to remain.

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STANLEY BOND RESISTS TRIAL FOR BOSTON BANK ROBBERY;
SENSATIONALISM IN BOSTON PAPERS BEGETS MISTRIAL

"It is inhuman to expect that I might willingly surrender to a set of conventions which promise at best my comfortable destruction."

-- Stanley Bond in a letter to Judge Murray

BOSTON (LNS) -- Stanley Bond resisted being taken to the courtroom, punched the district attorney when he got there, and called the judge a motherfucker. The judge deemed such language inappropriate for feminine ears and excluded women spectators from the courtroom. Stanley Bond was removed from the courtroom and brought back for the afternoon session in leg-irons until marshals once again hauled him away.

On May 21, the morning editions of the Boston papers sported headlines like "Cop-killer suspect rips judge, ejected from court." And a few hours later, the judge was happy to grant a speedy mistrial on grounds of "prejudicial publicity."

Before his trial began, Bond wrote to Judge Frank Murray to warn of his plans to disrupt court procedures because he did not want to be tried. He is accused with four others of robbing a bank to get money for revolutionary activities and killing a cop in order to escape. Two women suspects, Susan Saxe and Kathy Powers, are underground. Defendant Bob Valeri has pleaded guilty and is now working for the prosecution. Bond's trial was to be the first.

"Whatever the rights you might now imagine are mine you may keep," Bond wrote to the judge. "I realize that you would like to demonstrate that even we who oppose your government absolutely without reservation can still be made to behave as if we somehow feel accountable to it, but you should not attempt to verify this with me."

"Should you compel me to appear in your courtroom for trial, then I shall respond as politically and violently as I possibly can."

Bond, Bob Valeri, and William Gilday, another defendant in the bank-robbery case, are also under indictment for the theft of ammunition, detonators, and other equipment from the Newburyport Armory in Newburyport, Mass., on Sept. 20, three days before the bank robbery.

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"I HATED THE KILLING AND I AM TIRED OF IT" --
WRITES U.S. ARMY DESERTER BORN IN SHANGHAI

LIBERATION News Service

Ouyang Yot Sai was born in 1943 in Shanghai and moved to Taiwan when he was very young. In 1955 his family moved to the U.S. He was drafted in 1965 and sent to Vietnam but he deserted in May 1968 and fled to Sweden. Ouyang wrote this account of his decision to desert for The Seventies (April, 1971), a monthly magazine from Hong Kong. This is an edited version of a translation.

Now over 200 U.S. ex-GI's live in Sweden, though the ranks of deserters throughout the rest of the world are many times more. More are joining us as

the war continues.

Before, they said that the U.S. was a new world, bringing hope to a lot of people who came here to build a new life. Their sons and grandsons now have no choice but to leave the U.S. because of the role they are forced to play in the U.S. Army. I am one of those who has left.

I arrived in Stockholm a half a year ago and am living in a news reporter's home. I want to start my story back in 1955, the year my family moved from Taiwan to the U.S., hoping to start a new life. Even now, my mind flashes to the packing -- clothes, boxes all over the room. I was still very young, but I helped to pack things. I remember my two sisters put their dolls in the box. It took over a week to pack and say good-byes to everyone.

It was my first plane ride, and I was pretty excited. In two or three hours we were in Japan. We stayed over for four days waiting for the ship to go to the U.S. I was amazed by the size of the ship. But when the ship was on the vast ocean where water meets the sky, the big ship was very small, especially when at the mercy of the waves. I still have some terrifying memories of this voyage.

We arrived in Seattle, Washington on a snowy day -- the first time I ever saw snow in winter. Everything looked different. We didn't know a word of English, and all the faces were new.

My father sent me to school. I was the only "alien." My younger brothers and sisters were in a different class. I felt very uncomfortable. After half a year, we moved to New York City where my father had found a job. This time we took a train when we moved. I remember looking eagerly out the window at the changing scenery of America.

from
After I graduated high school, I was tired of city life and went to Kentucky State University looking forward to a change in scenery. But I was there only two years when I was drafted and sent to Fort Dix, in the fall of 1965.

The Army was strict and boring. Every day was the same routine of exercise and tactical drilling. I managed to get through training, and was sent to Berlin as a member of the U.S. armed forces there.

In the fall of 1967, I was ordered to the battlefield of South Vietnam. Before I left for Vietnam, my commanders gave me one month leave to see my relatives in the U.S. I went home for the reunion, but the month flew by quickly. I left my family again on New Year's Eve, 1967. Everyone else on the plane had military orders to go to Vietnam, even though this was not a military plane, but a chartered commercial plane. So though we were all leaving our homes, we could console each other with our common destinies.

As our destination (Vietnam) grew near, the stewardess said, "You are now in Vietnam. We hope you will return to the U.S. next year. Good luck."

Once I was in South Vietnam, I was sent to the Mekong Delta area. Our tasks were called Flying Rat Patrols because we cruised around the Delta area searching out any kind of suspected "enemy." Ever since the first day of fighting in Vietnam, I witnessed a lot of inhumane crimes of this cruel war. Every day we killed off South Vietnamese citizens and destroyed everything we could destroy including property and food of the kind peasants of South Vietnam eat.

I hated the killing and I am tired of it. And from this day-to-day work, I learned many things I never knew before. By this time though, I got severely sick from all the killing. I was treated for four months in the Army hospital in Vietnam. They hoped to send me back to the battlefield as soon as I recovered. But the Army doctors finally transferred me to a hospital in Tokyo for treatment.

In those few weeks I decided to desert. I decided that all the U.S. crimes on the battlefield were the acts of madmen, and I could never return. But how could I get out and where could I go? At that time, I knew nothing. I was filled with insecurity and fear, but I went ahead with my plans to desert.

I soon thought of the first step. On the pretense of going to the Post Office to pick up my mail, I bought a whole new set of civilian clothes. I returned to the hospital and planned for the next step. One evening, I sneaked into the shower room and changed to civilian clothes. No one was guarding the door to the hospital and it didn't look hard to walk out. If anyone had tried to stop me, I would have made a break for it and run for my life. But I got out with no trouble.

During the first week I stayed in Tokyo, I changed my hotel every day and paced the streets hoping someone would be able to help me. One day, a clerk at a hotel asked to see my passport. I talked my way out of this jam, but it left me nervous and uncomfortable.

Fortunately, I knew there were a lot of people in Japan who were against U.S. policy in Vietnam. So when I was pacing the streets, my goal was to find anti-Vietnam War leaflets. One day I got connections through a leaflet from Beiheiren (Citizens League in Search of Peace in Vietnam). On the day of our first secret meeting, I suddenly became suspicious, fearing that if something leaked out, all my hopes for the rest of my life would end. I got to the meeting place, a small cafe in Tokyo, a little early, and went for a nervous walk before sitting down to order fruit punch. I couldn't even taste it. But when one of them earnestly told me that he would help in any way they could, it relieved my tensions a little.

They took me to a Japanese named "F" whose family prepared a welcoming party for me. It was the first time I felt really happy. Hiding in F's home, I read a lot every day. It wasn't a big house, but like most in Japan. Mr and Mrs F worked in the daytime and left their little daughter behind, who taught me to speak Japanese.

I'll never forget her.

After staying there awhile, they moved me to another anti-war Japanese family's house on the outskirts of Tokyo. The host H and his family whole-heartedly welcomed me. It was safer here. I could go to the seashore for a walk when I wanted. I was looking forward to freedom in the future. Three weeks passed and it was the date set for me to leave Japan. I didn't learn of the detailed plan for leaving until two days before.

There were two deserters from the U.S. Marines who were going to travel with me. I'd been with H's family for a month, and the night before departure, I thought of so many things that I couldn't sleep. Especially over how to express my gratitude to H's family for taking care of me so well.

We took a car and a cab out of Tokyo. We drove through construction areas where the noise of machinery reminded me of being in a trench on the battlefield.

We boarded the ship and left Japan. We got off in the Soviet Union, and took a train to Moscow, then a plane to Sweden. As the plane landed at Stockholm, I thought through the past and I knew that what I had done was right.

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AUSTRALIAN STUDENTS FIGHT POLICE FOR TEN HOURS IN PROTEST AGAINST INDOCHINA WAR

CANBERRA, Australia (LNS) -- Hundreds of students in this nation's capital fought a sporadic 10-hour battle with police who tried to stop an anti-war demonstration on May 21. Eight persons -- two demonstrators and six police -- were injured in the clashes, and 187 students were arrested.

Police first arrested about 30 students sitting in at Australia's selective service headquarters and later tried to break up the march into the city. When students showed up at police headquarters to protest the arrests, cops waded into the crowd wielding batons and making arrests. Demonstrators fought back with stones as they retreated toward the campus.

The arrests were made under a new Public Order Bill, which many regard as aimed primarily at discouraging anti-government demonstrations. Australia has 10,000 troops in Vietnam.

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WAR RESEARCH & FBI LITERATURE AVAILABLE

PHILADELPHIA (LNS) -- An American Friends Service Committee project called NARMIC (National Action Research on the Military Industrial Complex) has published a series of books. They include a study of the role of medical institutions in war research, an expose of government strategies for maintaining lethal arsenals while appearing to ban them, and a supplement of FBI files on youth programs and riot control weapons and tactics. For further information, contact: NARMIC, 160 N. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. more... -30-

U.S. COMPANIES IN SOUTH AFRICAN BORDER AREAS

JOHANNESBURG, South Africa (LNS) -- Border industries are industrial sites set on the outskirts of black reservations in South Africa. The government has established the "border area" program to try to forcibly pull as many Africans as possible from the white cities back to the reservations, known as Bantustans.

According to the South African Digest, International Harvester is expanding a truck factory to the tune of \$2.8 million in the Natal border area. American Motors is completing a \$17 million plant there next year.

Any company setting up shop in these areas helps the government in its policy of keeping the cities white. Wage rates in border areas are substantially lower than in the cities. The government argues that there is "unlimited potential" in these areas because African laborers are so plentiful.

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"SAVE A FEW GODDAM SOULS": GULF'S ADVISE TO CHURCH

ITHACA, N.Y. (LNS)--During a recent interview a Gulf Oil Corporation official said that Gulf is "an outstanding success story". When he was asked about the Presbyterian Church's criticisms of Gulf's investment policies in Portugal's African colonies, he answered, "They ought to tend to their own business and save a few goddam souls."

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U.S. TRADE WITH SOUTH AFRICA

NEW YORK (LNS)--U.S. exports to South Africa (2% of total U.S. exports) rose 11% in 1970. Main gains were in aircraft, motor cars, and machinery.

Seventeen percent of South Africa's exports go to the U.S. Those commodities include chrome, copper, diamonds, manganese, nickel, rock lobster tails, and wool.

A recent report on U.S.-South Africa trade published in Pretoria (the capital of South Africa) explains that with few exceptions, there are no import controls in the U.S. for South African products, and customs duties in most cases are fairly low.

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13 SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE KILLED BY GUERRILLAS IN PAST TWO YEARS

JOHANNESBURG, South Africa (LNS)--Thirteen South African policemen have been killed and 3,699 injured during the past two years according to a very small article published in Johannesburg Star, March 1971.

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SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE BRUTALITY STATISTICS REVEALED

JOHANNESBURG, South Africa (LNS)--There are 35,000 policemen in South Africa. In the past two years 455 policemen have been kept on the force after being convicted of crimes of violence. Of these 455, seventy five had had previous convictions, 24 of them for assault.

The police have shot to death 54 people in the past year, and wounded 149.

Forced by the love progressive party member of South Africa's legislature, Helen Suzman, the South African minister of Police recently released these statistics.

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[All of the Africa shorts on this page and on p.7 come from Southern Africa: Report by the South Africa Committee]

YOUNG LORD ARRESTED; RENT STRIKERS FIGHT WITH BRIDGEPORT POLICE

BRIDGEPORT, Conn. (LNS)--In a letter to the owners of their East Main Street buildings, the Taino Tenants Association said, "We do not intend to move out of our homes under any threats of force or intimidation by the landlord."

A few nights later on May 20 the community had it's first police confrontation around the rent strike after police arrested Willie Matos, defense captain of the Bridgeport Young Lords Party and an organizer of the tenants association.

Eighteen people were arrested and twenty injured when police tried to break up a large crowd in front of the Young Lords' office on the ground floor of one of the striking buildings where Matos was arrested. Four people wound up in the hospital. And one couple has signed an affidavit testifying that police broke into their apartment, hit them with rifle butts and threw their 18 month old baby to the floor.

Willie Matos was arrested for trespassing. The landlords of the striking buildings had signed a warrant for his arrest because the Lords hadn't paid rent since the strike began in January. Warrants were not signed for any other tenants.

Abraham Katz, a notorious slum landlord in Bridgeport and close friend of the owners of the East Main Street buildings, was there when the police came to arrest Matos. After the defense captain was whisked away in a patrol car, he entered the Lords' office and began hauling furniture and office supplies out on to the street. Katz tore down posters, ripped out phones and broke a temporary wall partition in the Lords' office. Community residents say he had a gun in a holster underneath his coat. He was not, however, arrested for carrying a concealed weapon.

Shortly afterwards a vacant police car parked nearby was firebombed. People began throwing garbage into the street, some dancing to the beat of congo drums. Others began to move furniture back into the Lords office. People were angry, but the situation didn't explode until a young

white man began running down the street yelling insults at the people. He was chased and caught, but just as he was overtaken, helmeted policemen appeared from everywhere.

The police then cordoned off a fifteen-block area and began to make sweeps through the neighborhood. A number of people were injured on side streets several blocks from the Lords office. One older man was asked by the police if he was Puerto Rican. When he said he was, they hit him with their rifle butts. A group of policemen returned to the Young Lords office and finished the job that Katz had begun.

The next day people from the Father Panick housing project organized a march in solidarity with the tenants association, the Young Lords and the people who were arrested. About a 1000 people marched from the project to the Lords' office. While they were massed in front of the office, a building down the street caught fire. The fire engines barely slowed down as they roared toward the crowd. When they went by, people pelted them with rocks and bottles. When it became apparent that police were again preparing to enter the community in force, the crowd began to disperse.

A police review board has been set up to investigate the charges of brutality, and Bridgeport lawyers feel a number of policemen will be fired. Seven or eight names of policemen keep coming up in the investigation in connection with the beatings and the lawyers are going to press for their dismissal.

* * *

The rent strike is continuing. Since January, when there was no heat for six days, the tenants have been putting their rent money in the bank instead of paying it to the landlord. The landlord continually promises to repair the 50-year-old boiler which broke down 45 times between the first of January and the end of March. It keeps breaking down. In January a city housing inspector went through the building with a group of tenants and Young Lords. He found numerous violations of the housing code, but when he made his report to the authorities he said the building was in good shape.

The landlords have constantly threatened to evict the tenants of East Main Street. Although a number of community groups and agencies have signed a petition supporting the tenant association, the landlords insist the tenants must go. Presently, they plan to serve the eviction notice on Monday, May 31.

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KHOA HOC VI VIETNAM: SCIENCE FOR VIETNAM

CHICAGO (LNS) -- For the people of Vietnam, the destruction only begins when the bombing missions end and the planes speed off to their home bases. When the smoke clears it reveals people wounded for life, animals and plants destroyed or poisoned, and land made unable to grow anything.

Science for Vietnam is a program started by

people working in science in this country to help the Vietnamese solve some of the problems created by American firepower. It began when Richard Levins, a professor at the University of Chicago visiting Hanoi in January, talked to many Vietnamese scientists and discussed ways Americans working in science could aid the Vietnamese struggle.

When Levins returned to the U.S., he met with other science workers and they started the project. These scientists feel Science for Vietnam is a way to disassociate themselves with "the American war effort" and as one means of actively implementing the People's Peace Treaty. Wherever possible the work is being done openly to show that whatever Nixon and company hatch in Washington, other people are not at war with the Vietnamese people.

The most pressing scientific problem in Vietnam is now in the field of medicine. For many years the U.S. has been dropping antipersonnel bombs on Vietnam. The most common form of this weaponry is the metal fragmentation device which strikes the ground, explodes, and sends hundreds or thousands of small, irregularly shaped metal splinters whizzing in all directions. These fragments, because of their small size, are useless in attacking buildings and weapons installations. They are, however, quite effective in destroying and injuring human beings.

The terror from the air intensified two years ago when the U.S. Air Force switched its anti-personnel bombs from metal fragmentation devices to plastic fragmentation devices. Once the plastic fragments become embedded in the flesh, they cannot be detected with conventional X-ray techniques, and they cannot be localized surgically because of the irregular trajectories they follow after penetrating the skin. Thousands of people survive with permanently implanted plastic fragments that cause chronic pain and organ dysfunction.

The Vietnamese have asked people in the United States to develop the bioengineering techniques necessary to localize plastic fragments in human flesh and the surgical techniques necessary to remove them. Both medical people and engineers are working on this project.

Another project requested by the Vietnamese entails researching the ecology of reforestation. U.S. saturation bombing and defoliation have left tremendous areas of Vietnam deforested and pockmarked by bombcraters. The reclamation of this ground will be one of their major post-war economic problems. U.S. ecologists and soil scientists can help.

With so much of their land poisoned by U.S. defoliating agents, agronomists must develop procedures for cleansing the soil or must try to bypass the contaminants by developing new crop strains. Though cleansing the soil is possible, it may require many years or decades to be effective. Consequently, Vietnamese agronomists are becoming more interested in exploring new crop strains and believe that their American friends can help.

more....

A great deal of library research on crop diseases is necessary for Vietnam because of the inability of researchers in that country to get their hands on Western professional journals. People in this country will collect research on specific problems, such as rice diseases, reforestation, pest control, herbicides, and war-related medical problems, and send detailed reports of their findings to Vietnam. There is also work to be done on collecting books and reprints from journals for use in basic science courses taught at Vietnamese universities.

Some specific projects have been underway in the U.S. since early February and are already nearing completion: an investigation of the possibility of using ants for pest control; a study of types of medicinal plants; research on luring insect pests into traps by using synthetic mating smells; a collection of different varieties of agriculturally important plants for use by the Vietnamese in their breeding studies; and a collection of information that might be useful to large-scale agriculture.

The science for Vietnam people stress that you don't have to be a scientist to help in the project. Much of the work involves looking things up in the library, packaging and collecting books and articles publicizing the whole program and getting more and more people involved in it.

Groups can get together on campuses and in different regions. Some of the projects -- like treatment for people who have been wounded by the plastic pellet -- are being worked on by people all around the country.

The Vietnamese are also interested in obtaining information on computer technology, including actual computer programs. They would ultimately like to pair the computer at the University of Hanoi with a computer here in the States.

They also need many specific pieces of equipment, like a mass spectrometer, and spare parts for equipment they already have. A list of these items has been obtained from a group in London that has been working on getting them. It is hoped that surplus items can be located in physics departments and laboratories in this country.

Anyone interested in helping to develop the Physics for Vietnam program should contact Bob Ivano or Larry Lambert of the Department of Physics at the University of Chicago, Chicago 60637.

The Vietnamese also need modern mathematics text books. They can use several copies, because their duplicating facilities are few. English is O.K. They can also use cash contributions in Western currency for purchase of books. Both books and checks may be sent to: Delegation Generale de la RDVN, 2 rue Le Verrier, Paris 6, France, Attn: M. Tran Tri; or, Chandler Davis, Dept. of Mathematics, University of Toronto, Toronto 181, Canada.

People interested in participating in any aspect of Science for Vietnam, should contact Dick Levins and Dick Lewontin, Dept. of Biology,

and Claudia Carr, Dept. of Geography, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill. 60637.

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SUMMER-FALL REGIONAL ANTI-WAR ACTIONS PLANNED AT INDIANA CONFERENCE

BLOOMINGTON, Ind. (LNS) -- One hundred and fifty anti-war organizers from all over the U.S. met May 21-23 to plan summer and fall anti-war actions. They gathered on the 900-acre farm of the Raintree Tribe, the homesteading collective who had the enormous task of feeding everyone in West Potomac Park the week before the May actions in Washington.

The summer and fall plans emphasize coordinated regional actions on specific dates all across the country. It was decided that a coordinating office in Washington should be set up, but it will have no decision-making power. The Washington core staff will include members of the gay liberation and women's liberation movement, as well as some Mayday Tribe people. People from different regions will rotate into the core staff every four to six weeks. This is an attempt to decentralize leadership and have the office really serve in a coordinating capacity.

Women and gay people caucused throughout the weekend conference. The women's caucus decided that they would form their own group which will work with the May Day group.

Following are some of the tentative plans for the next few months. Regional meetings will be held from now on to come up with concrete plans for the various actions:

****July 4-6 -- regional "celebrations" and related disruptive actions.** July 6 is the second anniversary of the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam.

****Early August -- a national conference (proposed by women).** No place has been suggested yet. Hopefully thousands of people will come. Women plan to have their own conference in the same place as the national conference a few days before in order to really get together. They plan to travel in caravans from all parts of the country to the conference. On the way they'll talk to people about the war, get signatures for the People's Peace Treaty, do guerrilla theater and in general just make their presence felt.

People at the Indiana conference also expressed the hope that some sort of a mass national organization might come out of the national conference.

****October 9-13 -- national actions in Washington and San Francisco.** South Vietnamese elections are scheduled for October 12.

Regional training centers will be set up during the summer to teach anyone interested skills like self-defense, first aid and civil disobedience tactics.

For more information contact the Temporary Coordinating Committee, c/o Mayday Collective, 1029 Vermont Ave., Washington, D.C. Phone: (202)347-7613. -3



HANOI CIRCUS!

TOP: The audience.

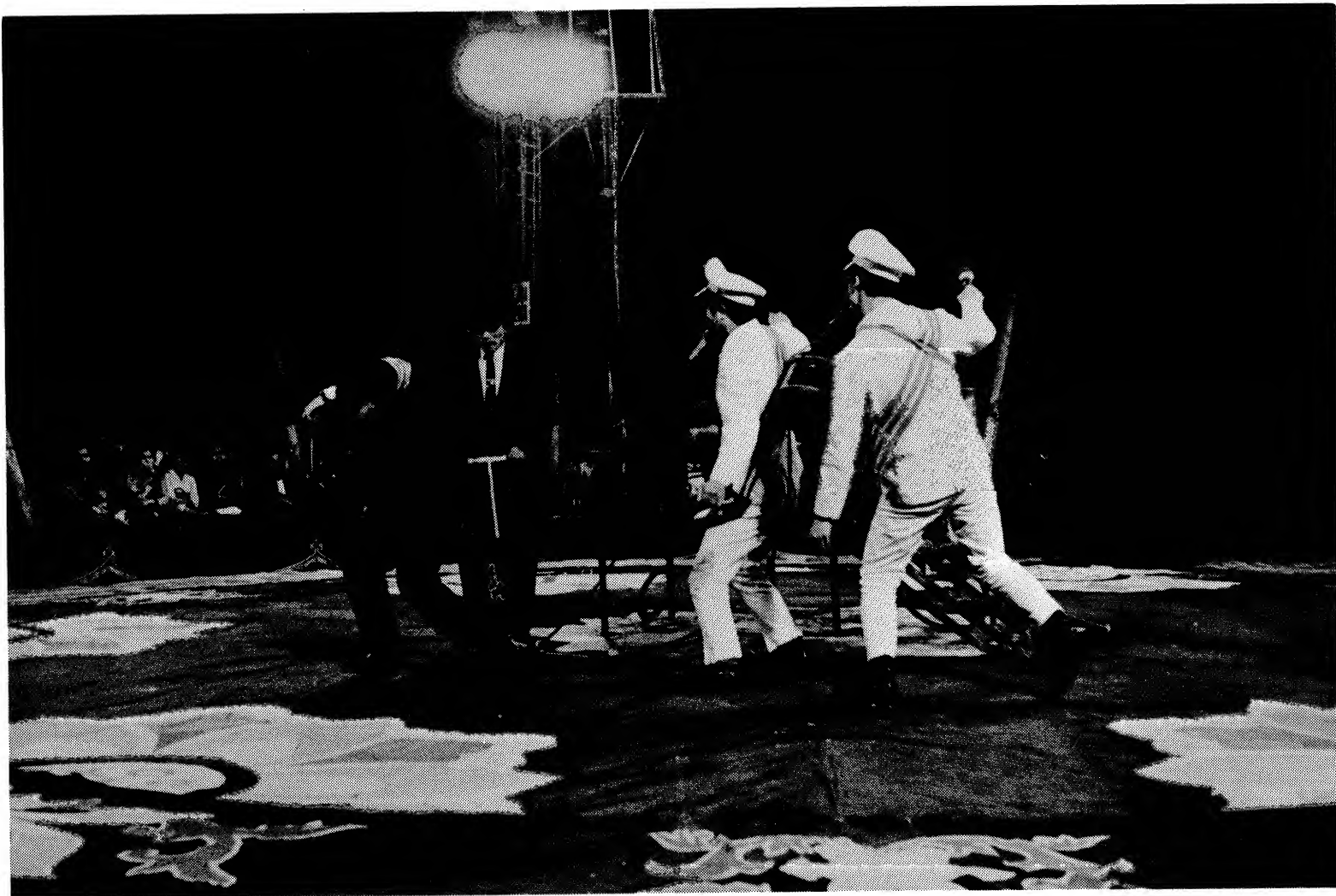
Photo by Anne Dockery

Credit LNS Women's Graphics Collective.

BOTTOM: It took two men, one standing on the other's shoulders, to make this woman.

Photo by Anne Dockery

Credit LNS Women's Graphics Collective



HANOI CIRCUS !

TOP: In this skit, Uncle Sam marches in his (probably Saigonese) puppet band -- all three of them attached to him and each other by hoses that they hold in their mouths with huge coins with dollar signs on them. Every few steps, the band comes to a halt, collapses and falls on the ground, and Uncle Sam has to pump them up again. Eventually they are stable enough to reverse the roles and they pump him up. His belly swells as he gets filled with air and finally he bursts and dies. The three confused puppets carry him out on their shoulders, straining under the weight.

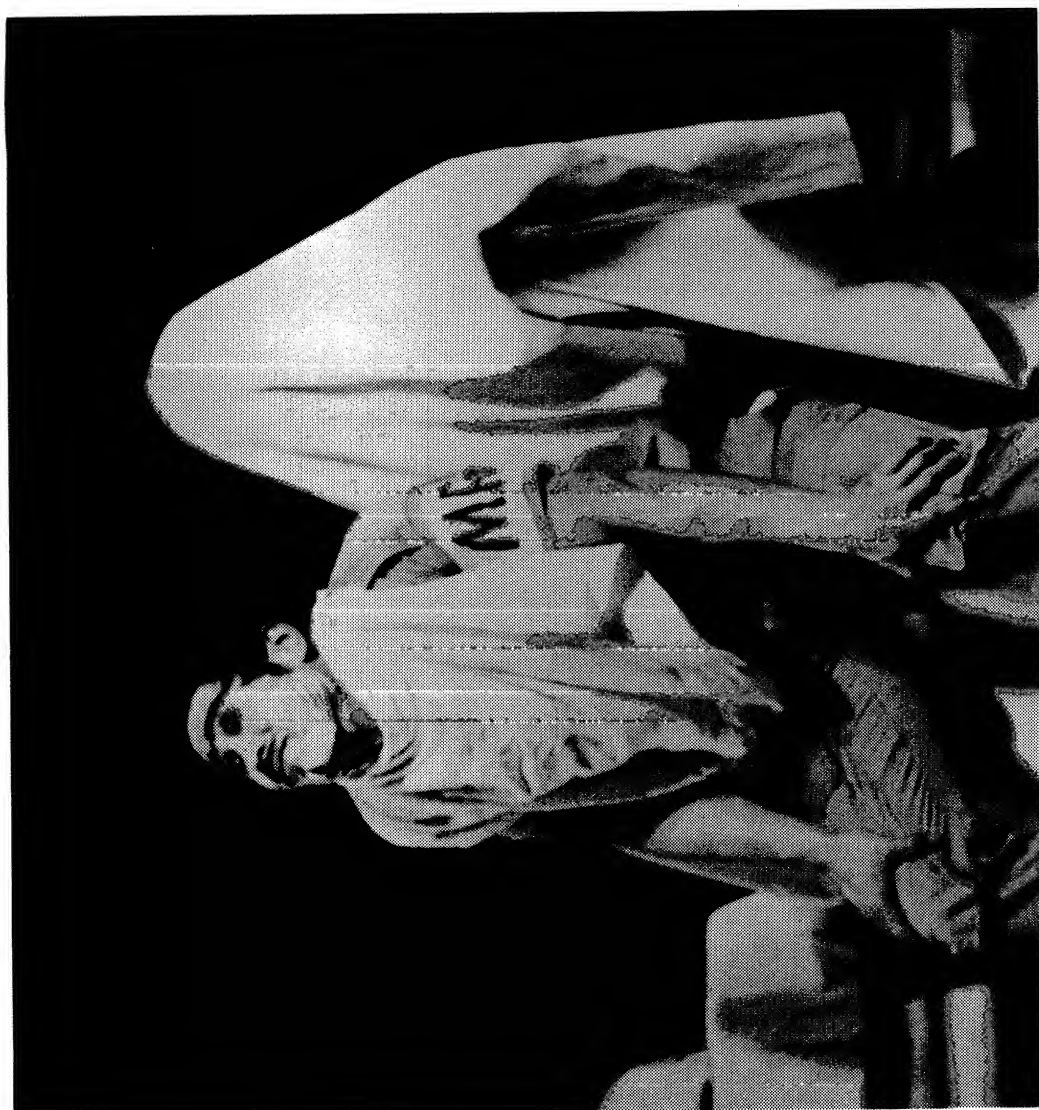
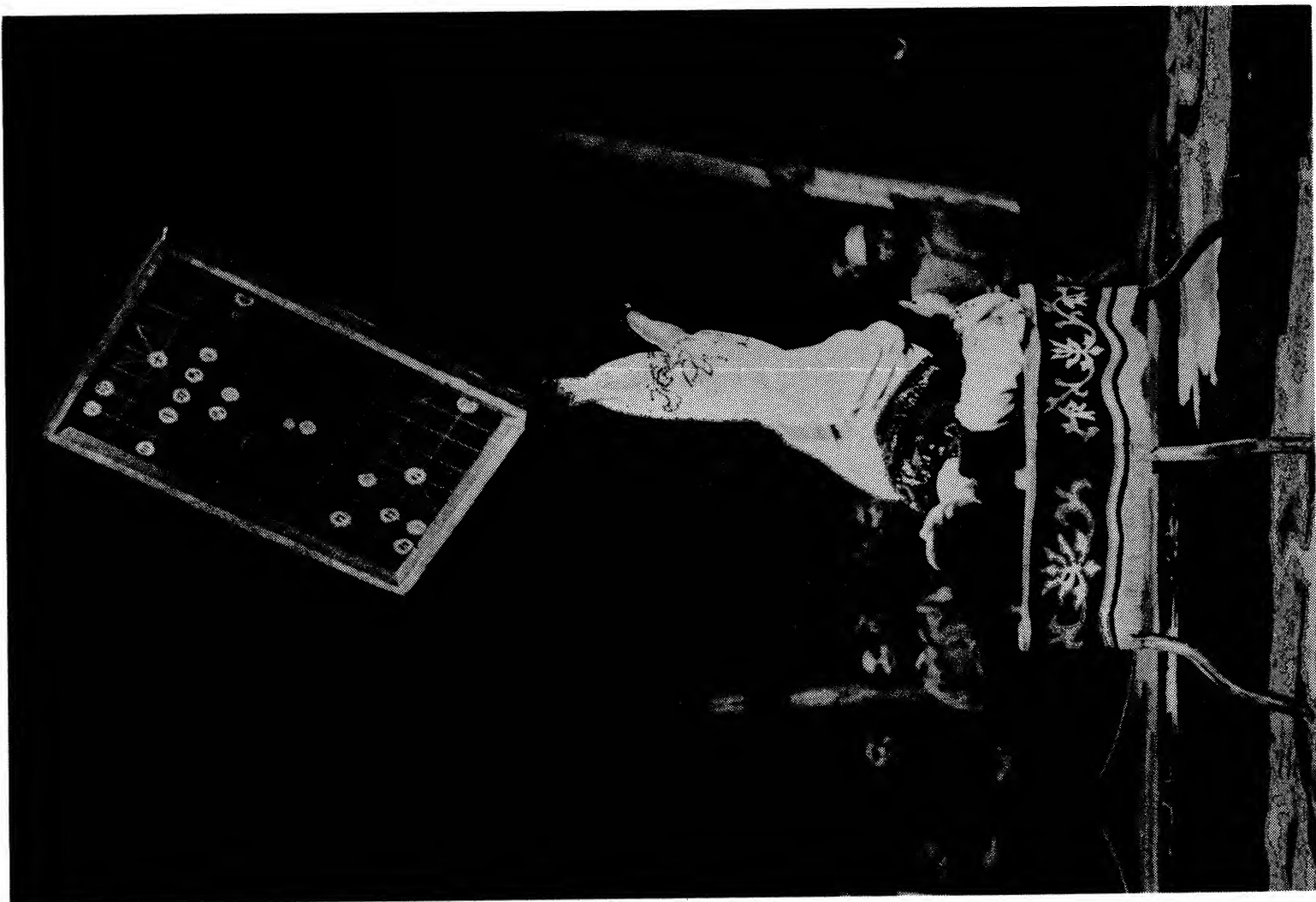
Photo by Anne Dockery

Credit LNS Women's Graphics Collective.

BOTTOM: Everyone rides bicycles in Hanoi.

Photo by Anne Dockery

Credit LNS Women's Graphics Collective.



HANOI CIRCUS!

TOP: This woman tossed a board around and spun it with her feet.

Photo by Anne Dockery

Credit LNS Women's Graphics Collective

BOTTOM: Here an MP sits waiting for a shave, not aware of the fact that the chair he is sitting in is the AWOL GI he's been looking for.

Photo by Anne Dockery

Credit LNS Women's Graphics Collective.



HANOI CIRCUS!

TOP: The circus is for all ages-

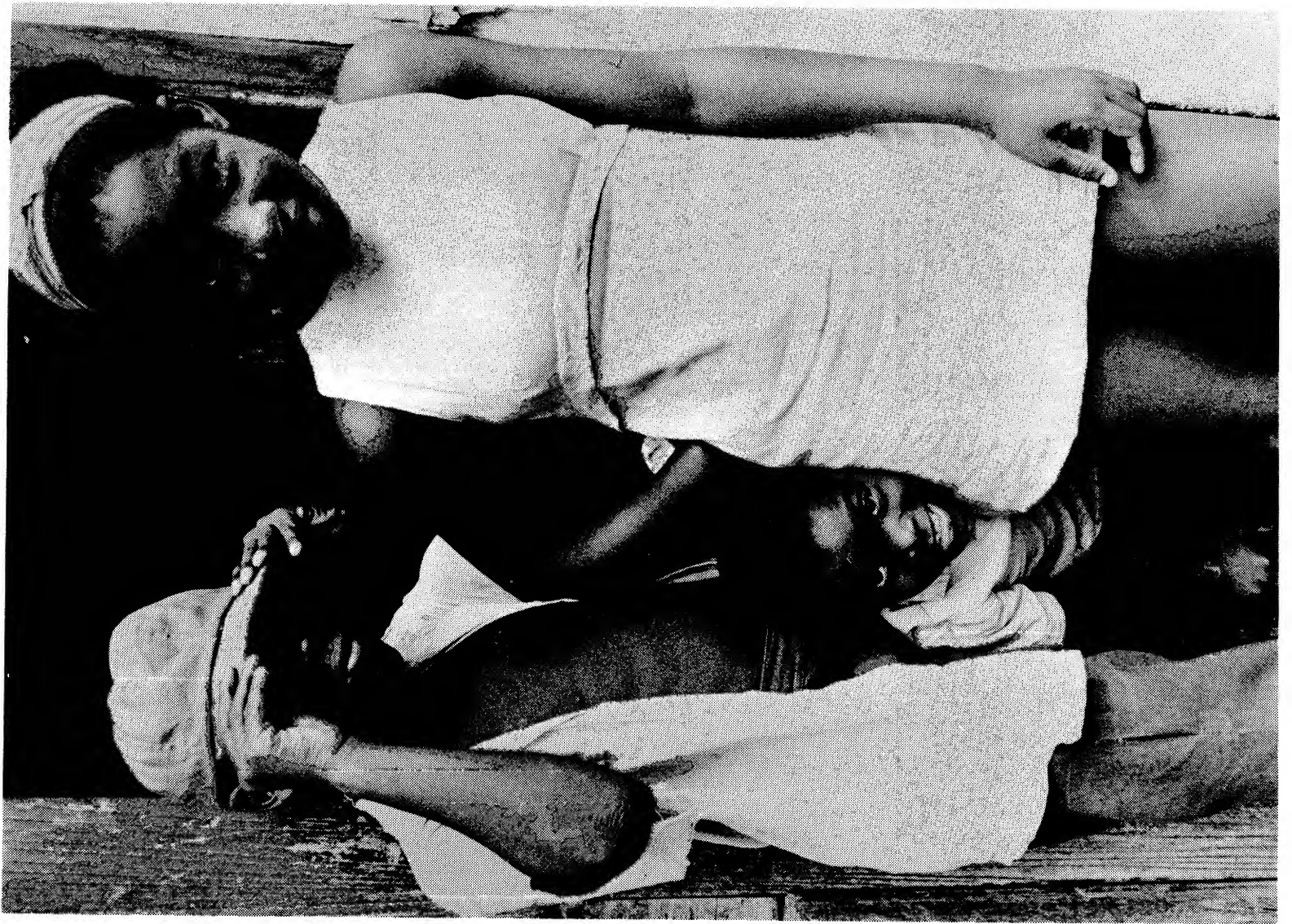
Photo by Anne Dockery

Credit LNS Women's Graphics Collective.

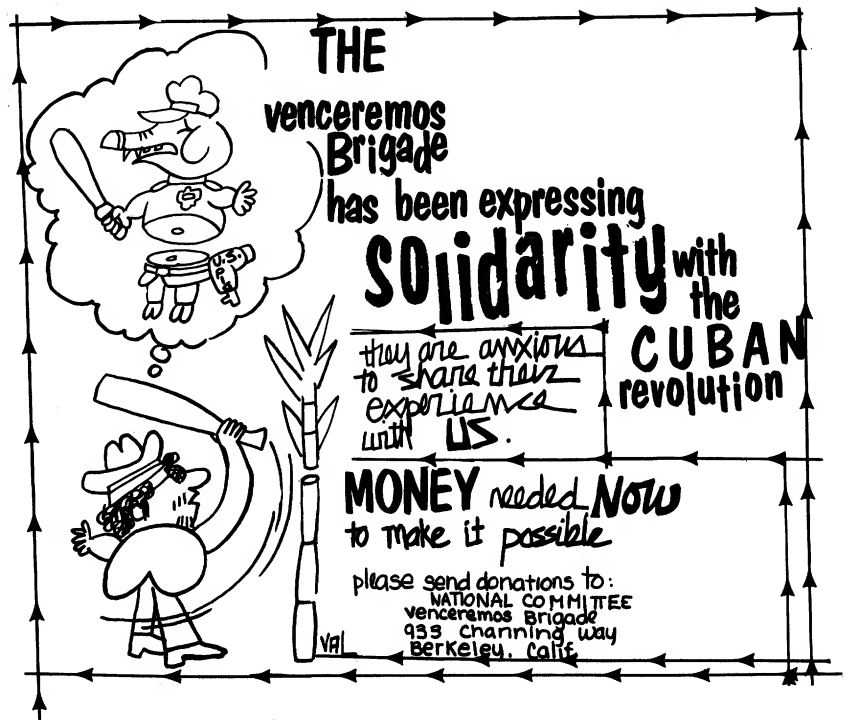
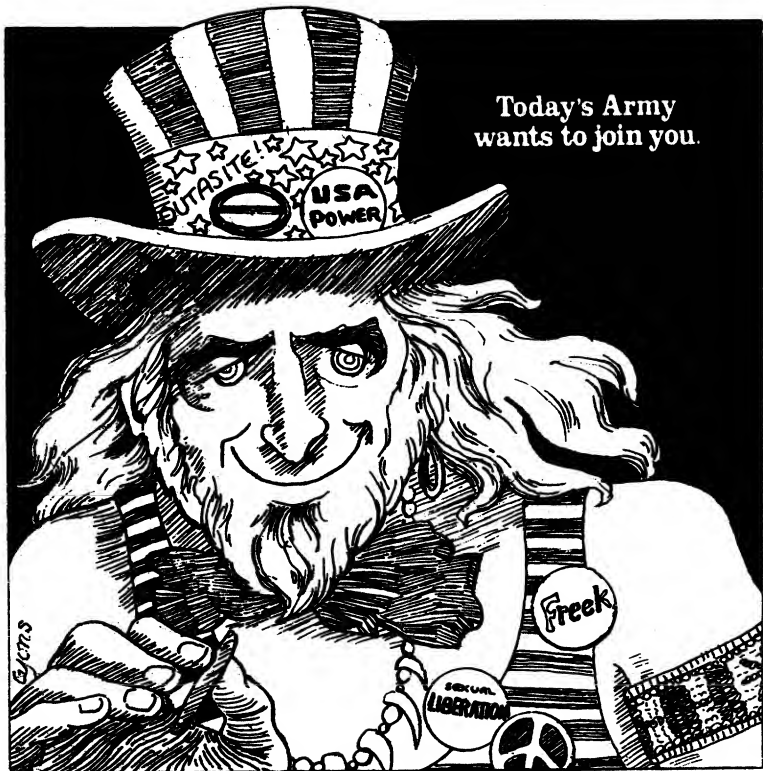
BOTTOM: The fighter!

Photo by Anne Dockery

Credit LNS Women's Graphics Collective



Top and Bottom: In the streets of Habana, Cuba. Credit Karen Wald/LNS



Top: Chicano man rests during La Marcha de la Reconquista (March of Reconquest) sponsored by the Chicano Moratorium Committee. The march is to protest against police brutality, the drafting of Chicanos for the Vietnam War, welfare abuses, immigration problems, and discrimination in education. It started in Southern California and is expected to reach the governor's residence in Sacramento in mid-August. Credit: Jeffrey Blankfort/LNS.

Bottom Right: Venceremos Brigade needs money.

Bottom Left: Credit Workers Power/LNS.